

with her takes hold of the end of her cloth
and asks,
"Am I more to you or is your mother's
house more?"
A quarrel between husband and wife who
really love
one another is not of long duration. It is as
rubbing
sandalwood, as pouring water on the image
of God, as
the swift flow of the river, and may make for
more love
later. Or from these pleasant pictures
we move to
see a wife remonstrating when the
husband proposes
to marry again. "Is it good, O husband, to
wear coat
over coat? When one wife is alive, if
another comes
and then another, will there be good in the
household,
O husband?"

The mother's love for the child is
described in these
pieces in words of extraordinary tenderness
and with
marvellous skill. A mother says that when
the child
is crying his lips are as the tendril of coral,
his eye-
brows as the long leaf of the margosa and
his eyes
shine with the sheen of the falchion in
Siva's hand.
When a child has cried long and hard and
upset every-
one else and all the work, the mother is
still patient
and says: "Let him cry as he likes, sister,
but let me
have the child; it matters not if the work of
the house-
hold is spoilt; let my house be full of children
like this."
And then she says to him: "Cry not, O little
one, cry
not my sweet jasmine. Do not cry, my
wealth of gold,
my boy heavy as gold to carry." Or it is a
grown-up

boy and the mother sends him out to
play. "Go to
your play and come back, my child, and I
shall wash
your feet. I shall take the clear water of
the cocoanut
and wash your dear face that shines like
gold." A child
is everything in life to the mother, A pillow
the height
of her arm, says a mother, and a bed the
length of her